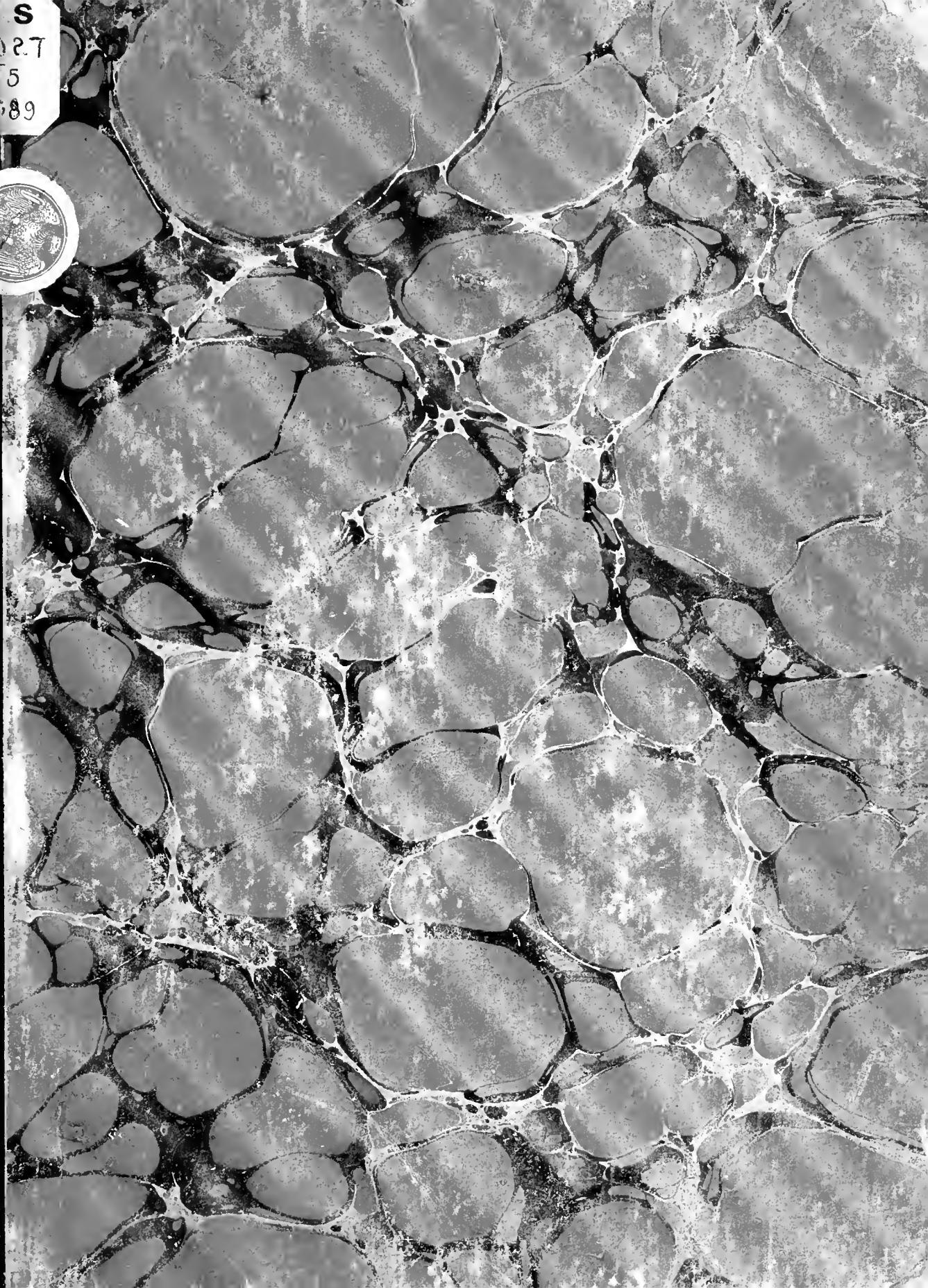


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SUNNY DAYS



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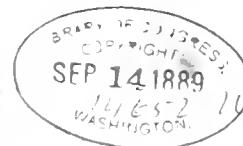
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*Author of "Babes of the Year"*



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M. Humphrey



## The Fleur-de-lis.

"Go, midget maiden, sweet to see  
(And sweet to kiss, if that might be),  
Go, search the garden through and through,  
And bring the flower you love most true."

The midget maid from *La Belle France*  
Threw back an arch and laughing glance :  
"I'm April's pet and precious tease,  
I change my mind just when I please."



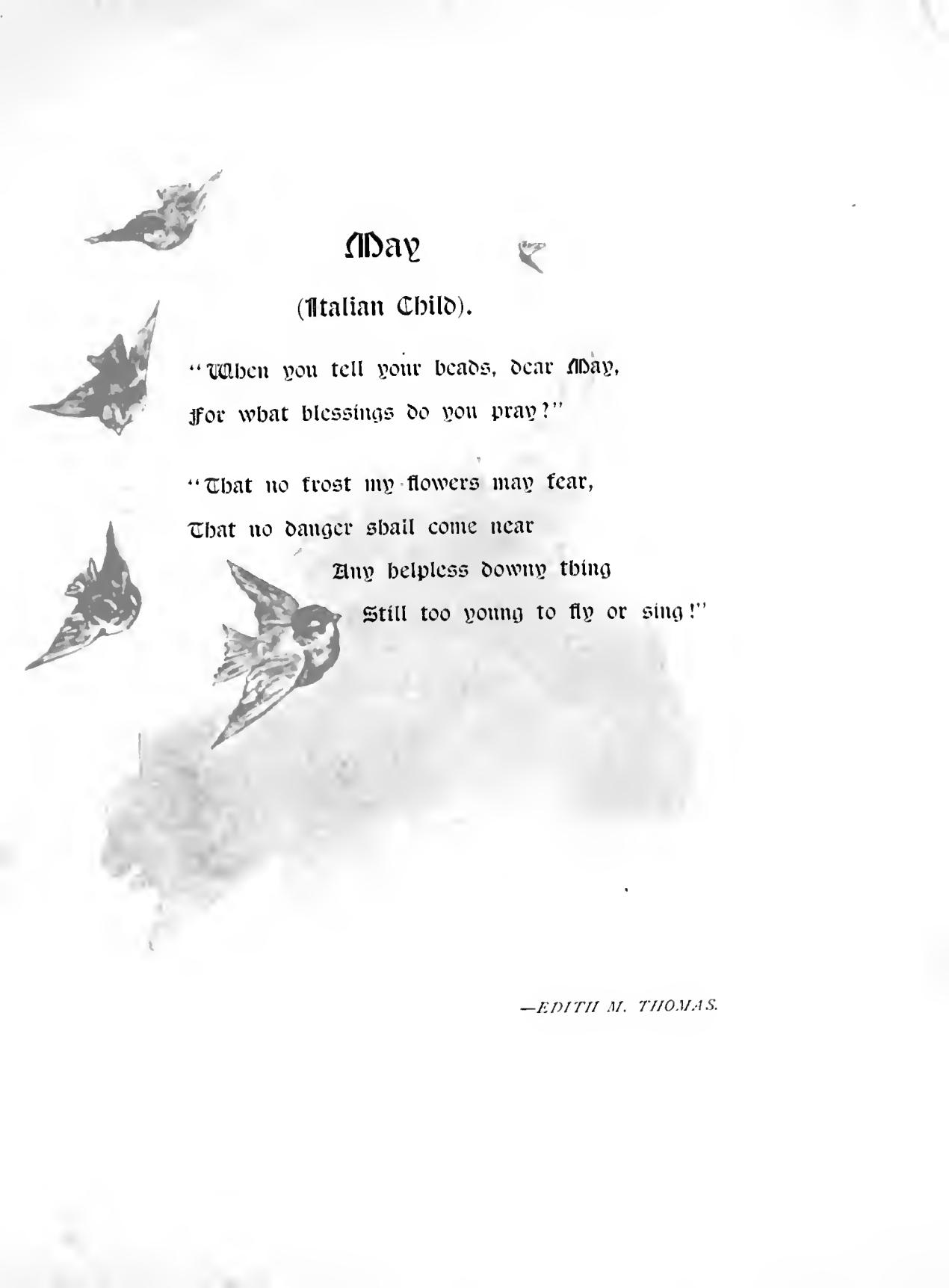
She plucked a rose, a sprig of may,  
A daffodil, a tulip gay,  
A pink, a modest violet,  
A daisy white, and mignonette ;  
But then, just then, she chanced to see  
The flower of France, the fleur-de-lis ;  
She laughed outright, and dropped the rest,—  
"This flower I love the very best!"

—EDITH M. THOMAS.









# May

(Italian Child).

"When you tell your beads, dear May,  
For what blessings do you pray?"

"That no frost my flowers may fear,  
That no danger shall come near

Any helpless downy thing  
Still too young to fly or sing!"

—EDITH M. THOMAS.







## English Child.

You're not content with the roses alone,  
The roses' lover you too would bind !  
Ah, little fingers be soft and kind,



Lightly, lightly, the butterfly hold !  
He has only one day to call his own,  
And you, my sweet, have a thousand-fold.

—EDITH M. THOMAS.









## Spanish Child.

A soft brown eye, and  
a loving heart,  
A winsome smile—yet  
a roguish art,  
For my little lady has  
learned the trick,  
With motion slow  
and motion quick,  
To make her fan speak  
whatever she will,  
Though her dainty lips  
are perfectly still.  
Take care! when the days  
are drowsy and warm,  
She will put you to sleep  
with a waving charm!

—EDITH M. THOMAS.







## African Child.

(To the Hollyhock.)

Merry friend and jolly fellow,—  
Children of the sun are we;  
I am brown and you are yellow,  
Yet we always do agree.



You and I are never fretting—  
Sweet, old, homely Hollyhock—  
'Bout the freckles we'll be getting,  
If we venture out to walk!

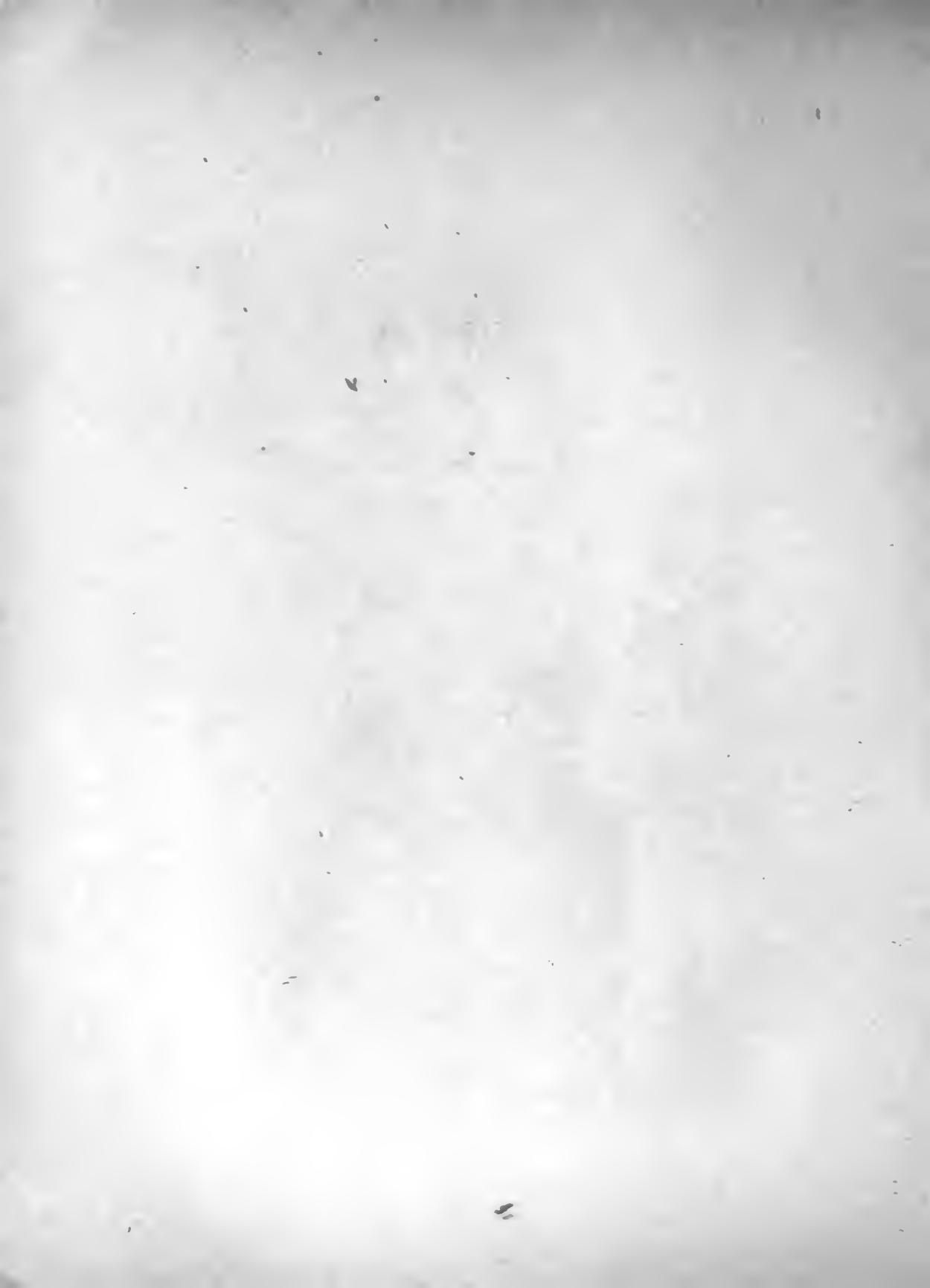
You can't walk—but then you're growing  
Taller every day than I;—  
You can't walk—yet there's no knowing  
But you'll sometime reach the sky!

—EDITH M. THOMAS.





89-



## German Child.

Plump as ripe September peach  
(On the bough just out of reach),  
Cheerful as September sun  
When the harvest work is done,  
Bright your face as morning sky !  
Liebling—darling—why so shy ?

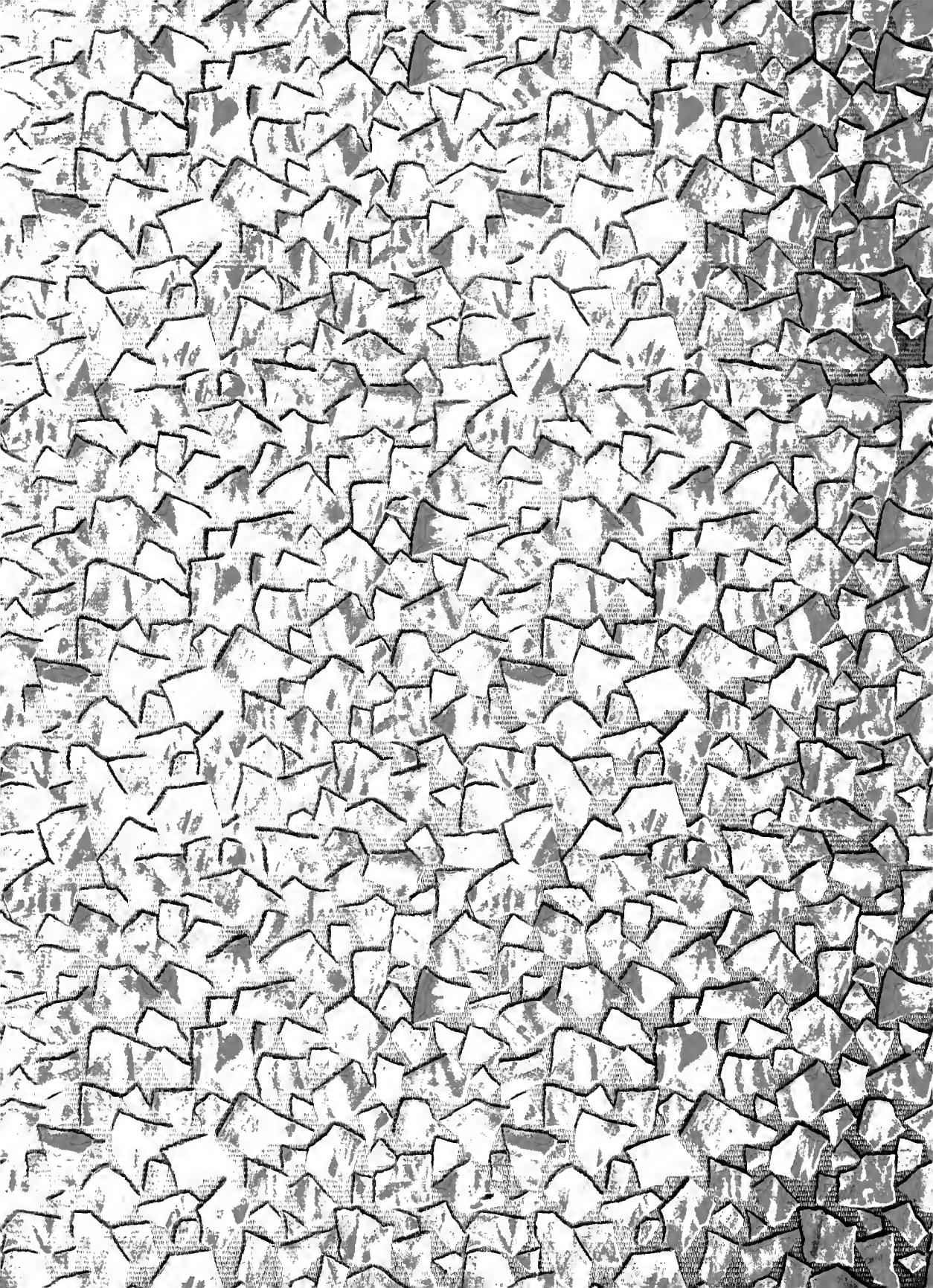
Simple little German maid,  
With your cap and flaxen braid,  
Snowy kerchief smooth and neat,  
Wooden shoes upon your feet—  
Lift to mine your modest eye—  
Liebling—darling—why so shy ?

Dear home-body, homely dressed—  
(Like a brown thrush in its nest)—  
Here's a little song in praise  
Of your helpful hands and ways !  
With a dimpled smile reply ;—  
Liebling—darling—why so shy ?

—EDITH M. THOMAS.









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